

Pam
Philippine Islands

PHILIPPINE STORY

THE CHURCH IN THE WAR YEARS



The "Gates of Opportunity" are open again at Silliman University, and 2695 students entered them in 1946.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCES
WERE HELD IN
FAR MOUNTAIN HIDE-AWAYS
DURING THE WAR



This mat shed served as a church,
and this is a congregational picture
taken after the celebration of
holy Communion.



Off to dinner together after
a conference hour.

Below: More than 1,000 people
celebrated liberation at this thanksgiving
table in the Guihulngan Mountains
on May 26, 27, 1945.



PHILIPPINE Story



THE CHURCH IN THE WAR YEARS

FOREWORD

The first Philippine Story was released to Presbyterian readers as soon after the dramatic liberation as authentic first-hand material could be gathered. It told the story of our gallant missionaries' experiences during the alien occupation of their adopted land—the story of a dubious temporary "freedom" for some; of internment, misery and privation for others; of years of hiding in the hills, running from the enemy, from one temporary shelter to another for a few; dramatic escape via U. S. Submarine for a small group; of barefoot, purposeful, wanderings in the high mountains for one, of death for two. It was a story of high adventure and sacrifice; it was a story of the triumph of spirit over substance.

Now we give you the second Philippine Story—The Church in the War Years. This is the story of how the Filipino Christians carried on in the dark years. It is not the full story. That would require volumes, libraries. But it is a sketch—an outline of what transpired in the free hills and the occupied coastlands. It is a glimpse into the heart of a people who know Whom they have believed.

—THE EDITOR.

THE CHURCH IN THE WAR YEARS

This Is the Beginning

A Filipino who had attended the first Protestant service in Manila—this was back in 1899—approached Dr. James B. Rodgers, Presbyterian missionary, shortly thereafter. He explained that, in the confusion of the times, unidentified civilians were in some danger of arrest. He said that his security would be assured if he could have one of Dr. Rodgers' calling cards since that would prove that he had American friends. Dr. Rodgers gave the man his card, adding an appropriate "character comment."

Some weeks later, again talking with the Filipino, Dr. Rodgers asked as to the usefulness of the card. "Very useful, sir," smiled the Filipino. "I went to my farm fifteen miles from Manila to gather our rice harvest. Returning, we got on the train without pass or ticket, but when I showed your card to the conductor, he allowed me and my fifteen companions to ride to the city without payment." (The American Army of *that* day, let it be said, was then operating the Manila-Dagupan railroad and requiring passes instead of tickets from all travelers.)

This may or may not be the only time in clerical history that a missionary's calling card served as train ticket for fifteen persons. The story of itself is quite unimportant, but it does lead us into our premise that, one way or another through the years, the names of Protestant missionaries in the Philippines have stood out with striking significance.

Rodgers - Hibbard - Hall—that is a cherished name-trio of early Protestantism in the Islands, for instance. Dr. Rodgers, with his wife, arrived in Manila in 1899; started the first services of the new evangelical church. A month thereafter came Dr. David S. Hibbard and Mrs. Hibbard who in 1901 gave Presbyterianism its "educational" beginning through the opening of Silliman University down in Dumaguete, four hundred miles south of Manila. Then followed the "medical" beginnings with the establishment of a mission hospital in Iloilo under the direction of Dr. J. Andrew Hall and Mrs. Hall.

Of the Protestant organization that subsequently developed in this country with which America was destined to have a long and unique relationship, the late Dr. Joseph R. Hayden wrote: "The Protestants exercise an influence out of proportion to their numerical strength . . ." (some 400,000 Protestants against 13 million Roman and Aglipayan Catholics). "The Protestants have reached a position of importance in the New Philippines through the zeal and ability of the American missionaries, the high spiritual and ethical values which their churches have offered, and their close relationship with the American way of life."

For the moment, however, we are concerned only indirectly with that "zeal and ability of the American missionaries" to which Dr. Hayden refers. We are concerned rather with the church organization which that zeal and ability fostered and developed—that is, in the broad sense, with the entire cause of Protestantism in the Islands. In the more specific sense, we are concerned with church groups about which our own Presbyterian interests center. In the still more restricted sense, we are concerned with the individual members of those church groups. In fact, this is going to

be, in the main, the story of those members, the story of those members during the past trying years of war chaos and during the recent months of post-war confusion. The story of any one of them may be taken to be the story of hundreds of them. It is the story of Christian men and women who were brave beyond bravery, loyal beyond any required loyalty. Christian men and women who kept the flame of a great faith and trust still glowing when—to speak in large figures—night came to their Land of the Morning.

We Must Have a Setting

Any discussion of the Protestant mission movement in the Philippines previous to the recent war years has been commonly approached from one of two directions. We have classified the mission work along purely geographical lines. That is to say, we have discussed the work on Luzon, the work on Bohol, in Albay, on Leyte—and so on down the map. Or we have fallen back on the more or less arbitrary approach—presenting a picture of the evangelistic, medical and educational divisions of the mission organization. Neither of these usual approaches, however, seems to be the logical one for a story of the Church and the church members during the war years. There are several reasons for this.

To begin with, we cannot easily think of the mission work of *Bohol*, of *Negros*, of *Leyte* during the war years because, during those years, Bohol and Negros and Leyte were virtually removed from our maps. In America, as far as our ability to maintain contact was concerned, there was no Bohol, no Negros, no Leyte. We know now that, even on those islands themselves, geography was pretty much of a local affair. Few persons on Bohol had much idea of what was happening just across the water on Negros. They soon learned not to trust over-much in "other island" reports that they knew had slithered down mountain trails and across narrow straits, gathering adjectives and drama with each turn of the path and each puff of the sail.

Another reason for dispensing with the common geographical approach to our Protestant mission work in the Philippines during the war is this—with the turmoil of enemy occupation, church membership became widely scattered. Church members on Luzon in many cases moved south to the Visayas. Members on Leyte went down into Mindanao. Members, in fact, went to all sorts of new places—called there by army duties or in search of greater security from the enemy. Hence, pre-war "geography" as such fast became quite incidental.

Any island by island geographical approach to Philippine Protestantism and the War Years being, then, somewhat illogical—what next? Well, the "next"—though at first thought it may also seem to take a geographical turn—is geography after another fashion. We are going to tell our story as the story of the *free hills* and the story of the *occupied coastlands*.

In early 1942 thousands of Filipinos, in order to escape enemy control, took to the hills of the sundry islands. It was in the hills that the first organized resistance movement of the country developed. It was in the hills that guerrillas and civil officials directed the course of the Free Philippines. These hills were fast designated by the enemy as "bandit zones." Anyone found in said zones (unless he could prove himself to be a farmer of long years endurance) was automatically considered as antagonistic to the Greater East Asia regime—and the free hills were full of the

Protestant membership which Dr. Hayden mentioned as exerting an influence far out of proportion to numerical strength, a membership aggressively opposed to said East Asia regime.

There were Protestants, however—and loyal ones, too—still on the coast. One of the gravest errors of war thinking, both in America and in the Philippines, was the tendency to label with sweeping assertion all Filipinos who lived on the coast as pro-enemy, anti-American. This was not true. For sundry and highly valid reasons many Filipinos were unable to move into the hills as an active indication of their defiance of enemy occupation. Again, many Filipinos who remained in coast towns apparently enjoying enemy favors were heroic links in the underground movement throughout the country.

So, there were really only two locales in the Philippines during the war—the hills and the coast. Our story of wartime Christianity is a story of those free hills and those occupied coastlands.

Further, we shall not tell our story by any school-church-hospital division because, as we have implied, schools, churches and hospitals as such were broken and scattered when their personnel was forced to move from quiet pre-war communities. Broken and scattered though the organized bodies were, however, the glorious climax of the story is the way individuals of those scattered organizations conducted themselves under duress and stark tragedy.

So, to be on with it—our story of bravery beyond bravery, loyalty beyond any required loyalty—

Let Us Lift Our Eyes

Sunday, June 13, 1943, Alvin Scaff, one of our Negros missionaries who was later captured by the enemy and interned at Santo Tomas, was holding a church service at Malabo. Malabo was far up in the jungle hills of Oriental Negros. It was headquarters for guerrilla and civil officials of the southern Negros resistance movement. On this war Sunday, as on every other one, the congregation—out under the trees on a plateau that overlooked the coast and Japanese war vessels patrolling some thirteen kilometers away—was motley. It included college professors, fourth graders, farmers, nurses, engineers, fishermen. It included Protestants and Catholics and denominationally unidentified.

"Today, as in so many days of the past," began Mr. Scaff, "let us lift our eyes to the hills. To the hills from which our help has been coming. Help for our daily needs. We get security from these hills. We get food from these hills. We have looked to these hills for our freedom; for the organization that is now bringing law out of chaos; for the food that is now giving us strength to go on. We have looked to them—and we have received all these things. Received because we have lifted our eyes. Whatever the future, let us continue to look to our hills whence cometh our help, for God is here—yes, God is here. Even in this wild loneliness—God—"

In the main, Christianity in the hills, on whatever island, was a vital individual force and a strengthening individual communion with God that was shared by small groups whenever circumstances permitted their gathering together. Ministers of more heavily concentrated coast congregations of pre-war days could not possibly

cover all the territory over which their members had scattered with the coming of the enemy. Therefore, it was for the members themselves to take over. That was what Aquilino and Carolina Layague did, for instance (and be it remembered that the story of Aquilino and Carolina—as with other stories that we shall tell—can be duplicated a hundredfold in other hills and on other islands, stories substantially the same, with only the names of characters varying).

Aquilino was a professor of history in Silliman University before the war. When the enemy arrived, he changed from white classroom linens to blue denim shorts. He packed away textbooks and references and took to the open foothills. Carolina went with him—and their two daughters. The first bombing to interrupt the ominous quiet of their particular hill hideout came on a Sunday morning. It interrupted a "church service." Here is Carolina's description:

"When we left town, we took the little church organ with us. We decided to have services on Sundays for the guerrillas and our neighbors. This bombing day we had the organ out under the trees. I had some flowers on it that the children got from up the trail. We dressed in our best mountain dresses for the service. Aquilino was going to 'preach the sermon'. Suddenly we heard an airplane. It circled, dived — B-o-o-m! It went up again, circled, dived — B-o-o-m! We all ran from the service to the abaca field. The plane caught us next flat on our stomachs in the field. We were saying together the Twenty-Third Psalm. And the youngsters kept saying, 'God, please don't let it fall on us.' When the bombing was over, we went back to our service. The organ was still there. The flowers, too."

This is a story, among many, of the way Christian teachers and their families held to Christ as their comrade in isolated jungle hideouts during grim and cheerless months.

There were Christian doctors in the hills, also. Doctors who were living their Christianity, going the second mile in service far beyond that required of them. There was Dr. Jose Garcia of the Dumaguete Mission Hospital.

When the Negros guerrillas were organized, Dr. Garcia was appointed chief medical officer of the southern district. That responsibility involved the cure of wounded guerrillas, the organization of medical units at strategic trail locations, the rounding up of nurses and pre-war medical students for assistants. It involved the building of hideouts and the mapping out of escape routes in case of enemy pressure, the concealing of medicines and food in secret caves. Doing all this took a deal of mountain-trail walking. Before long Dr. Garcia was going over those trails in bare feet.

He was going over the trails in bare feet not only on army assignments that had to be done in the line of duty, but also on check-up calls upon his Silliman University missionaries—calls made in the line of love and service. Jean Carson, daughter of Silliman's president, doubtless owes Dr. Garcia the precious gift of clear sight because of one of those beyond-the-line-of-duty calls of his. He walked fifty miles through the jungle to reach her and give her treatment for a dangerous eye infection.

Robert and Metta Silliman, too, owe a lot to Dr. Garcia. The Sillimans were among the group of university missionaries who lived in the hills until their submarine rescue in early 1944. It was Dr. Garcia who walked over gummy trails, through enemy-infested territory, to bring them final details of the expected arrival of their submarine.

"I was afraid," he said, "that word might not have reached you. And I was determined that the Sillimans were going to be on that submarine. I have eight of my medical boys. They'll escort you to the meeting place."

"One way or another," mused the Sillimans, "these medical men are always saving lives."

Close to Dr. Garcia's heart through the confusion of war living was the mission hospital and its future. The Japanese had refused to allow it to function as a mission organization, had labelled it a provincial hospital and had taken it over largely for their own use. The last thing Dr. Garcia said to the missionaries before they left him was about that hospital. It was said at a time when the present was so ominous and so fearful that mere day-by-day living was about all the average person dared think on. Few looked very far into the future. It was said on a dusty coast road a few miles from a Japanese garrison when the missionaries were starting on their all-night hike that was to take them into the "submarine area." It was a message sent to Dr. George S. Cunningham, former hospital director and beloved friend of Jose Garcia.

"If you get where you're going," Garcia whispered (everyone talked in whispers on trips like that one), "will you give Dr. Cunningham a message for me? Just tell him not to worry. Tell him the work of the hospital will go on."

Then there was that other great Christian medical man, Dr. Fontanilla of Milwaukee Hospital in Albay. Taking all he could carry, he and his family and his faithful staff moved back into the hills. Let him tell the story in his own words:

"We started as a clinic in Balinad, a barrio of Polangui, and we used the barrio school for a hospital, and did our first operations there. Sometimes we had to go to the mountains for patients because they were afraid of the Japanese, so I had to hitch hike into the mountains. Most of the people did not have money so we accepted payment in kind, camote, bananas, cassava, eggs, chickens and the like because we would have had to buy them anyway. Convinced that we could serve more people by being in the town itself, we moved after staying a month in Balinad. We were allowed to use the Home Economics Building and stayed there until the school had need of it in May, 1945. Then we transferred to a private house that we have been occupying until now. The life of the hospital during those troubled times was a life of and in faith. There were times when I thought surely that we would have to close the hospital for shortage of supplies but at these times somehow the thing that we lacked turned up and so we had to go on. That was the case when we ran short of surgical sutures, and without them we could not operate. We had used our last tube of sutures. But on that day a male nurse, who had been hiding in the mountains and had run short of food and money, came to sell the only thing he had saved, a half dozen boxes of sutures! and boy! were we glad and lucky! We went to work and left the rest to God. He richly provided for our necessities and the hospital lived through those trying years and WE LEARNED NOT TO WORRY. We learned to work and trust everything in God's hands."

After liberation which came to Polangui on April 1st, 1945 with the first GIs, it was found that of the Milwaukee Hospital Building in Albay there was nothing but a shell. But who could say that Milwaukee Hospital was ruined?

Yes, Christianity was a torch that penetrated the grim darkness of mountain trails throughout the Philippines—a torch carried by teachers and doctors and all other Christian church members as well as by the pastors themselves. It was a torch that glowed with equal light on the black and hushed streets of desperate coast towns.

In Desperate Coastlands—Consecration

One of our Presbyterian missionaries—the Rev. Ernest Frei—by virtue of his Swiss citizenship was not interned by the Japanese. His account of “how things were done” by the Rev. Juan Pia, pastor, and the members of the Tacloban church in Leyte indicates the general pattern followed by Christians who lived out occupation in coastal communities. He tells of how the regular program of services was followed in so far as possible; of how Bibles and Sunday School lessons were cherished against potential enemy seizure; of how Mr. Pia would make secret trips into the hills to conduct services which were frequently attended by the guerrillas.

“It can perhaps be said,” Mr. Frei comments, “that if Mr. Pia and I were not active as guerrillas, at least through the work of the church we kept the people facing in the direction from which they fervently hoped would come the ultimate freedom. How true the words of a Japanese officer that they felt the Protestant Church never gave them any real co-operation! . . . There were frequent times of tension when we received news of some good friend being arrested. At one time during the service in the morning something like an electric shock went through the congregation when the minister during a baptismal ceremony pronounced the formula, ‘Mac-Arthur Francisco—I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.’ . . .”

Ellinwood Church in Japanese-held Manila was another center where the flame of Christian loyalty was kept lighted. Services went on there during all the tense months, though every word uttered had to be measured lest the enemy take exception. There were the old hymns whose meaning transcends all war and hatred. There were the precious organ—the organist—and with the organ and organist a stirring story.

In the early 1900's, during Dr. Rodgers' first years in the Islands, Guillermo Zarco became one of the Protestant pastors. Zarco was a dramatic and brilliant speaker. He was a talented musician. In the 1940's when the Japanese were in Manila, another talented musician was directing the Ellinwood “war choir” and playing the Ellinwood Hammond organ. That other musician was Flora Zarco, granddaughter of Guillermo.

Shortly before American liberation forces reached the city, it was apparent that the Ellinwood Church was to be in the line of battle. “What are we going to do about the organ?” worried Flora. “It isn't right just to let it stay there and be burned if we can figure out a way to save it.”

The enemy command was not encouraging the moving of property. The enemy command was not interested in saving property. The enemy command could not be expected to look with favor upon anyone who was so interested. More than that, the entire area surrounding the church had been heavily mined. Walking through it was a life and death gamble. But Flora went to the Japanese High Command. She told

him that *if* he would allow her to take the organ to her home, she might be able to save it. The Command told her that *if* he gave her a permit for such a thing, she would probably be killed by the mines anyway—and so what would she have gained by her efforts. All *if's* eventually being brushed away by one argument or another, however, Flora was given a permit. That received, she went to three choir members and to her brother who was a doctor in the city hospital. "We can do it if we all work together," she said. "We'll go get a pushcart," they answered.

Organist, choir members, doctors—and pushcart—they made three trips through the mined street into the church. They brought out the organ in piece by piece fashion—sound box, console, electrical parts. It was the organ that they brought out, put together again, that was used about a year later—December, 1945—in a great liberation singing of *The Messiah*. The participating choir was called, significantly enough, the *International Chorus*. There were two hundred singers. The nucleus was the church choir of Ellinwood and the church choir of the local Chinese Protestant group. It was augmented by GI's, WAC's and American Navy personnel. It was accompanied by the Manila Symphony Orchestra under the direction of an Austrian refugee.

The Messiah—sung by Filipinos, Americans, Chinese. Directed by a European. A racial symphony—brown, white, yellow, black. And it had been initiated by the twenty-five year old girl who had saved the Hammond organ that accompanied the chorus. Quite a story of Christianity in a far country. A true one.

Out beyond Manila is the still dazed little community of Linga. During the last desperate days before liberation, every father of Linga was taken out and put to death. In the Protestant group, as in other religious groups, there was left not a single man to carry on the services. So one of the women took over. The imprint of her faith was upon the lives of her children. They helped her. As a result, there were the regular Sunday services, the Christian Endeavor meetings, the mid-week prayers—as a consecrated family kept the glow of Christian comfort warm in a death-stricken community.

They Served Strangers

The Filipino risked his life for American friends. That is a story the world has been told in many ways, by many persons. It has not been exaggerated.

Every missionary—as every other American—who was interned during the war years was, in one way or another, helped by Filipinos. Even the children made their contribution.

The kindergarten school of the Lucena Evangelical Church had always been close to the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Magill, Tayabas missionaries who were among those of our church who did not live to see the final liberation of the Islands. (Mrs. Magill died in 1943; Dr. Magill, just three days before the arrival of the Americans at Santo Tomas.)

"In December of 1943," writes one of our missionaries who was imprisoned, "the children and young people of the Lucena church found a way to send help to us. Mrs. Magill had had a trunkful of used Christmas cards that had been sent to her from the States before the war. After the Japanese had searched the house for valu-

ables and had gone, the children decided to go in and see if they could salvage anything for the Magills. They saw the cards. Each one left loaded with them. They reconditioned them and sold them. The proceeds (they amounted to one hundred pesos) were sent in to us missionaries to buy food."

Helping friends—yes, the Filipinos helped their American friends times without number. But they did more than that. They risked their lives for strangers, too.

Dr. Romeo Atienza was one of those who faced danger for the sake of persons who were total strangers to him. They were, as a matter of fact, strangers who lived thousands of miles across the ocean from him. They were the mothers and fathers and wives of American boys who died on the dusty, gum-tree trails of Bataan and in the filthy confines of the Camp O'Donnell prison.

Dr. Atienza is a Manila Protestant, a national Boy Scout leader, a medical adviser of the Philippine Red Cross. Because of his Red Cross affiliations he was allowed a certain freedom to enter the war prison camps. In the camps he was permitted to give medical attention to his Filipino countrymen, but he was prohibited all contact with the Americans. Many times during his hours of service at O'Donnell, though, Dr. Atienza strayed dangerously near the wire fence that divided the two groups of prisoners. At each straying he acquired small packets of letters. These were letters written by one of the American chaplains to the families of American boys who had been killed in action on Bataan or had died of disease and maltreatment in camp. They were letters that would be long cherished by Americans "back home" whom Dr. Atienza himself would never see.

In order that the Japanese would be less likely to find and destroy these precious communications before they could be sent across the ocean, Atienza worked out a sort of group-protection scheme whereby he and some twelve or fourteen others took turns concealing them. One month the package would be hidden in northern Manila. The next month it would be out in the province somewhere. By the third, it might be back in the city again, hidden in a garden next door to an enemy barracks. In 1945 it was on the first mail plane to cross the Pacific from Manila—a package of letters written by an American chaplain and guarded for three years by a Filipino church member that it might bring comfort to complete strangers in a far-distant country.

With liberation, Filipino service to strangers is continuing—only now the strangers are the GI's from Texas and Iowa and New Hampshire and where-will-you whom the nationals are greeting as comrades of long standing.

Apolonio Molina, registrar of one of our mission schools, says, "Tell the folks in the States that we are trying to make the American boys feel at home. In the various faculty homes they are being entertained and some are actually sitting in on several of our classes. They are attending our church services; several have helped in the choir. . . ."

Hundreds of American officers and American GI's, through their contacts with local church groups, are coming to appreciate and understand the Filipino people. Most of these, on whatever island their war assignment has found them, could write letters similar to this one by a major who was stationed on Negros in the first days of liberation:

"When I arrived in Dumaguete, I found something that had not been present everywhere. The people were different. They were most of them well educated and cultured; they went about their rehabilitation with a will and helped themselves to a great extent. The outstanding institution is Silliman University, a mission school. A mission hospital has been established. The first Sunday I was in town the United Evangelical Church held services. It had functioned all through the Japanese occupation. . . . This is the result of a dynamic and forceful missionary movement."

An American chaplain, who was stranger welcomed as friend when he landed on Leyte, summarizes his feelings on this "dynamic and forceful missionary movement" of the Philippines like this:

"I wish I could tell you adequately of the heroism of our native pastors and their zeal for the church. There are no words to express my admiration.

"On my first visit to the home of Pastor Pia of the Tacloban Evangelical Church, I found the place crowded with refugees. By some miracle of grace they were able to find enough to feed thirty or more refugees once a day. Every night the church was crowded with the homeless who sought shelter there. . . .

"Since coming overseas two years ago, I find that my "Yearbook of Prayer" no longer deals with a ministry far removed from my realm of habitation but with a ministry which is as close to me as the air I breathe. I have been pleased that the emphasis is being placed on the need for increased benevolence—giving for the rebuilding of churches destroyed. I have seen churches crumbled to dust and ashes. The amazing thing is that, regardless of poverty, the first desire of these people is to rebuild their House of God. But the war has left these people so destitute that they need all the help we can give them. . . .

"One church, which was closed by the Japanese, had such a determined congregation that they moved to the mountains, taking their folding organ, hymnals and communion emblems. Such an unusual group that pastor's family was. The four daughters are excellent singers. Together this group has contributed greatly to our Army worship services of recent weeks, and in going from one field hospital to another singing to the wounded and the sick among our American soldiers.

"When we reopened their church after our arrival here, the congregation came down from the hills and shared it with us. We held daily services and frequently on Sundays, five. At each service, offerings were taken up for the local and adjoining mission work. More than 1300 pesos were contributed by the soldiers who delighted in doing mission work first hand. Mission work will be viewed in a more encouraging light by the 1200 men who shared in this wholesome experience.

"When we came, this little church looked very bare. This condition was our first challenge. A few days before, I had stumbled on a cache of Japanese white paint. I obtained some brushes and walked over to the church, wondering whom I could persuade to do the painting. On entering the church I found two young men kneeling—Raymundo and Abraham. I asked them what they were praying about. They replied, 'We have come to do the Lord's work.' I asked them what they wanted to do. 'Anything that will help the work of the church.' So I said, 'Have you done any painting?' and Abraham answered, 'I am a house painter.' The building was transformed in three days. Some of our soldiers made new pews for the people.

"I have also visited Maasin Institute. It was begun by a Christian Filipino teacher twenty years ago with a borrowed piece of chalk, six borrowed stools, a borrowed blackboard—and a great faith in God. Seven hundred students came from this humble beginning. Six substantial buildings now make up the campus. . . ."

For the person interested in the evangelical work of the Islands, these letters from American army personnel who went to the Philippines as strangers but were accepted as friends and close comrades indicate the Christian fortitude and determination which they found there. Not all of our American soldiers in the Philippines are behaving as Christians and gentlemen, be it said; nor are all of the Filipinos so behaving. It is significant that our chaplains and the genuinely sincere of our GI men and women, together with the Filipino pastors and laymen who are motivated by the power of the Christian Gospel, are interpreting for both groups of nationals the best in culture and character that each country has to offer.

And Now We "Begin Again"

Liabilities and assets of Philippine Protestantism today—what are they? One of the representatives of our Federated Churches of America Council who made a survey trip through the Islands last fall gives a general over-all picture of the current situation thus:

"The spiritual liabilities and assets in the Philippines today are difficult to assess. The task of the church can be defined only against the background of the conflicting, confusing, baffling elements in Filipino life of today. Among the liabilities are property destruction (perhaps 60% to 70% of all Protestant-owned buildings); displaced population; moral deterioration such as always results in an enemy-occupied land; psychological tensions, especially between 'patriots' and 'collaborators'.

"The assets include such new opportunities as the consolidation of institutions which have lost their buildings; the erection in Manila of a headquarters building for all Protestantism; the possibility of establishing a union medical center in the capital city; the creation of appropriate architecture for new buildings to be used for religious purposes; the demonstration by evangelicals of business ability and common honesty in administration of relief; the expansion of the program of education under church auspices to take in a much wider field than ever before; and the use of financial aid in such ways as to encourage Filipinos to continue the type of sacrificial giving developed in many areas during the war—to enrich rather than to impoverish their spiritual lives, and to provide relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction funds in such amounts as to help rather than to hinder the longtime financial program.

"The hunger for Christian fellowship is a second asset. Old wounds have been healed during the war, and the desire to work harmoniously with all of like faith in their own country and to co-operate with Christians in the rest of the world, especially in the United States, is a hopeful sign. Furthermore, tens of thousands of Protestants have come through the war with a new appreciation of Christ and a more vital interpretation of his teachings. They have been tested and found true. If space permitted, I could give literally dozens of illustrations of this profound fact. Examples of it are seen in the founding of new congregations, the doubling of financial support in some instances, and the baptism of scores of adults, many of them the fruit of the labors of laymen."

And so, in the face of staggering liabilities, but strong in spiritual assets, evangelical work in the Philippines is "beginning again." We use that term "beginning again" only as it is commonly being used today throughout the world to indicate reconstruction and rehabilitation movements. In reality, of course, Philippine evangelical work never ended. It continued throughout the long dark years in the hills and along the coasts, among young and old, laymen and pastors. The fact that this "beginning again," in its present connotation, has been set in motion largely through the efforts of the Filipinos themselves testifies as does no other one thing to the force of the Protestant Mission movement in the country.

With the war, be it remembered, American missionaries had very little control over what they could do either as Americans or as missionaries. Some were, for a time, allowed to stay in their homes and to carry on their church activities, but freedom of word and of movement was stringently curtailed. Others were immediately interned for the duration. Except in a very few cases, missionaries who had withdrawn to the hills were able to stay there only so long as their presence did not endanger the lives of the loyal Filipinos with whom they were sharing evacuation. Except in a very few localities, they were sooner or later forced to admit the shuddering fact that certain death would be the lot of any Filipino caught befriending them. So, with them, as with the friends in internment, speech and movement were of necessity limited. The Filipino Christian, on the other hand, being "one of the country," was able to move much less guardedly, and today as our missionaries are returning to the Islands, they are returning exultant and humble before the spirit and the loyalty of their Filipino colleagues, who carried on when their own activities were curtailed.

Take Silliman University, for example. Before President Carson left by submarine after two years of evacuation in the hills far beyond the campus, he appointed a faculty committee of nationals to handle the affairs of the University until such time as he would be able to return. That faculty committee entered Dumaguete practically by minutes after the entrance of the liberating American troops. They found a campus of craters, air-raid shelters, tunnels, filth. They found mere shells of buildings. They found interiors stripped. Walls, floors, furniture, pipes—everything that could be torn out—were gone. Science equipment, library books, school records, tools, presses—all the essentials for the functioning of a university had been burned or shipped away. This was in April 1945. Three months later—July 2—Silliman University reopened.

One of its students later wrote: "It was breath-taking audacity to start like that, I guess. But it was brave, and it was beautiful." Brave and beautiful—it was, indeed. There were no seats, no blackboards, no paper, no pencils, no textbooks. There was little food, little clothing for its staff and student body. There was, in fact, little more than spirit. But it was the old Silliman Spirit.

One by one the faculty members returned as soon as they could get transportation or release from army service. Old and new students appeared. When Dr. Carson reached the campus in December, he found a university of 1200 students. He found a university that was adding to its shining record of wartime service an equally shining record of service in peace. He found a university holding its head high above the rubble of a shattered campus and the appalling problems of abnormal living.

Over on Samar, Valentin Montes, who was studying law back in 1941, has decided that there are other things of more immediate concern than completing a law course. In an isolated locality where no one has found the time to bother much about the children, Valentin has opened a high school, with "Christian education as its program." He is being assisted by nearby church members. On the Board of Trustees are an American chaplain, the moderator of a neighboring district conference, a local pastor and a prominent Protestant layman. Teaching history classes is a former national assemblyman who offered his services because, as an enthusiastic evangelical, he was moved by the great need for the school in that area and by its immense potentialities. There is an enrollment of 230. Students bring along a stool or a wooden box to sit on. Church members are gathering together what books they can for a start on a reference library. Staff members are already anticipating the time when it will be possible "to secure medicine for a clinic which we eventually hope to turn into a hospital" because, as they say, "this will be a great help to the spread of the Gospel in these parts."

Mission hospitals in the Islands were commonly used by the Japanese during their occupation, later taken over by our American Army. Now doctors and nurses who were with the guerrillas or working as civilians in town or in country are returning to their former duties alert to the needs of their various communities.

Everywhere nationals and missionaries alike are beginning again with broad vision and ardent enthusiasm. They have new plans, plans to be developed in the strength of side-by-side Fil-American brotherhood. Work has always been done in smaller communities and foothill barrios as consecratedly as in the larger cities. Now it is hoped that such work can be extended to the *farther* hills. Plans for new agricultural and industrial programs looking toward the development of a greater economic independence for the peoples of isolated country and village groups are being formulated. There will be more health clinics to meet the tragedies of war malnutrition and suffering. There will be more mobile public-address units to carry the word of the Gospel to widely scattered market places. Potentialities of the radio for religious and educational broadcasting will be developed.

Whatever the media used, however, the governing force will be the force of the Christian Gospel, just as it was back in 1899 when Dr. Rodgers went out as first Protestant missionary, and just as it has been through subsequent years. Since the war Christian Filipinos have said, "We shall never forget the services the missionaries have rendered our country. Those services are now our inspiration." They have said, "We have been made to understand that right now in the United States there are many missionaries eager to come to the Philippines, waiting only for the first available transportation. This news has had a great effect upon our religious work here. To feel that we shall not be entirely cast away from aid and guidance from America at a time when we are desperately in need of both has greatly bolstered our morale."

In turn, American missionaries en route back to the Philippines have written: "Never before have we been more proud of being missionaries and of the Church which makes the calling possible. We are often unworthy of our high calling, but in the missionary enterprise the Christian people of America are stepping boldly into the midst of the problems of the world with what we believe is the most practical of solutions—a warm and living fellowship based on faith in a God who is both Creator and Redeemer."

Meantime, as our missionaries forge ahead in that enterprise, the Christian people of America who are making it possible are asked to listen. They are asked to listen to the great chorus that is rising from Philippine mountain trails, from Philippine city streets. They are asked to listen to the chorus that swelled in throbbing under-tones even when those trails and streets were noisesome with reverberations of battle. They are asked to listen to the chorus of Christian Filipinos who are singing together now, as they sang through all the horrors of the war years—singing with indomitable courage and renewed dedication. And the song? . . .

Thy love divine has led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast,
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide and Stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

LOOKING AHEAD

As this little booklet goes to press, The Board's Special Deputation, comprised of three men and two women, are in the Philippines and have begun their assigned task of investigation, study and evaluation, out of which will emerge recommendations for the future of the Presbyterian Mission in the Philippine Islands. They do not act alone. They have the able help, support and counsel of the Filipino Christians and the shared wisdom of missionaries long experienced in the land and identified, heart and mind, with those Christian citizens of the world's newest republic.

Already twenty missionaries have returned to the Islands, and more are on their way. Some of those returning have not been able to establish themselves in the stations they were forced by war to leave simply because a large scale program of restoration is needed in those destroyed areas before such reoccupation is possible. But everyone of the twenty is more actively "at work" than is commonly thought possible or profitable in a twenty-four hour day.

In Manila, in the midst of war's devastation, Ellinwood Church, whose doors were never closed, and where comparatively (be sure to use that word *comparatively*) little damage was suffered, serves maximum congregations at every meeting. A new missionary writes with wonder of the crowds at the windows, standing in the doors, and overflowing into the yard at Sunday morning service. Not least among its good works is that done for the Armed Service personnel. In that Christian congregation, G.I. Joe and Jane meet and know and come to true appreciation of the Philippine people at their highest and best.

In Manila, Union High School is a shell. But the parts of it that can be salvaged are being restored; temporary lean-to classrooms are being built, and school convenes again. The intense need and desire for more trained Christian leadership is beginning to be met in the re-establishment of the Theological Seminary. In Manila, Ellinwood School for Girls, long the source of much of the trained leadership for women in Luzon, has been, since reoccupation, given to the use of the U.S.O. But

on July 20, 1946, it was turned back to the Mission and will be used temporarily for Mission and Church offices until the time comes when it can be restored as a school again.

In Dumaguete, Oriental Negros, P. I., Silliman University and its correlated schools have been running since July 2, 1946. Overwhelmed with a record enrollment of 2,695, Silliman has been forced to engage more than forty additional instructors. The Filipinos demand Christian institutions. Compared with Manila and Cebu, Dumaguete suffered hardly at all. Nevertheless, Silliman University losses in equipment alone total more than \$250,000.00. But in spirit this great Presbyterian institution has lost nothing and in reputation, through the record of the Sillimanites, faculty and students, during the war years, it has gained immeasurably.

On July 10, The Board received a report of the 1946 meeting of The General Assembly of the United Evangelical Church of the Philippines—an informal report made by the Rev. P. A. Rodriguez to the Silliman University Church. More than any formal record of the meeting, this report reveals the spirit of that body.

The Delegates

"Exceeding our expectation there were registered for the first meeting of the General Assembly after the war, over one hundred fifty delegates representing ten District Conferences.

"One of the most inspiring features of the Assembly was the presence of many able and well-trained laymen in different professions and occupations. There were educators, physicians, merchants, farmers and municipal or provincial officials. All of them showed intense interest in the affairs of the Church. Among the delegates were a goodly number of very capable women. From the first day of the arrival of the delegates it was to me very apparent that their interest in evangelism is strong

Points of Strength

"1) When the burden of leadership in the church is shared in a large measure by the laymen, that is an indication that the Church is in good health and is striking roots deep in the community.

"2) The second point of strength of the Assembly was the presence of many women. In order to carry a larger share on the up-building of the Kingdom, the women reorganized their national women's association. In the statement of purpose in their constitution they stressed evangelism and financial support of the General Assembly projects. It is widely known that the Christian women of the United States and England are in a very great measure responsible for a big part of the support of missions in different parts of the world. Our own women are also making up to this responsibility.

"3) The third point of strength of the Assembly was the coming together of representatives of Christian schools to organize an association through which they can co-operate in their common interest, maintain a high quality of instruction, and develop further the effort for character education. We were all happily surprised that representatives of twenty-three Christian schools responded to the roll call. It

was announced that six more schools are going to open their doors to the public next July. To organize and maintain these schools requires much labor and faith and sacrifice for as yet there are very few wealthy people in our congregations. But this is a brave answer to what has long been felt as a serious need in the moral and spiritual nurture of our young people. The war days have shown more vividly than ever where we need strengthening in our educational endeavor. The association of Christian schools has been organized and Dr. A. L. Carson of Silliman University has been elected President.

"Incidentally it was interesting to see by a show of hands that fully two-thirds of the delegates to the General Assembly were graduates or former students of Silliman, and a number of them were residents in their high school days in Protestant dormitories like 'Sneed' of Cebu. This very fact holds the enthusiasm for Christian schools.

The Missionary Society

"During the recent occupation years, the thought of a Philippine Missionary society was stirring in the minds of a few pastors in the Island of Negros. The return of peace revealed that they had no monopoly of vision. Other Christians in other islands were also thinking about it. It was most natural that the coming together in the General Assembly would bring about the crystallization of this idea, and so the Foreign Missionary Society was organized. Immediately upon organization, offerings were received.

"To me this is a symbol of the maturity of the Church. It is a certain source of new strength. *No nation of people can come to their best without this sense of mission.* Congregations that are *anemic* are so because their interests are narrow and their visions limited. When people stretch forth in earnest to accomplish a goal that is beyond their immediate reach, then their reserves are called forth and greater things are accomplished. Then strength is added to strength.

"For years I have looked to the Indonesian islands south of the Philippines as the most natural field for Filipino missionaries. The eighty million people who inhabit these islands are of our blood. Their language is akin to our language.

"Our privilege of Christian civilization for over three hundred years, our training in democratic ways, and our nurture in the evangelical faith during the forty years of our association with the United States constitute for us a responsibility to share these blessings with our neighbors. No people are worthy of freedom who care not for the freedom of their fellow-men. We have a liberating faith that we can happily share with our neighbors. We can share not only our religion but also our education and the other blessings that have come to us with these.

An Adequate Ministry

"Lastly, the General Assembly facilitated our finding the Key to the problem of adequate ministry for our congregations and adequate support for the ministry. Dean McKinley of the College of Theology invited those who were interested in the rural church to a conference with the Rev. Jacinto Dayola of Carigara, Leyte.

"I well remember how in former years, our Silliman Pastor, Dr. Doltz tried time and again to present the call to the ministry to the Christian students without any

success. Many times he was almost in anguish. The support of the ministry was so poor that the bright students would not even consider studying the problem. The morning light has come and the answer has been provided by the Filipinos themselves.

"Two pastors. The Rev. Iyoy graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in Manila in 1928. Inspired with zeal for evangelism and for independence with self-support, he started work in a rural area in central Bohol. He was responsible for a circuit of eight congregations. Later on he became District Moderator of the island and that of Cebu. In the big sense of the word, Mr. Iyoy is a successful pastor in a rural area. I shall not go into great details but shall simply mention in bold strokes his points of strength.

"First of all he believes in multiplying himself. He does this by training others. Following an example by a missionary, he conducts four institutes every year. In these institutes he teaches the interested ones to study the Bible, teaches them stewardship, trains them to witness for Christ, teaches them methods in Sunday School work, and trains them to support these institutes by the products of their land. Very wisely he observed that a rural leader should not talk to the farm folks in terms of large cash contributions. They get scared by this for they are not accustomed to handling much cash. But you can talk to them about contributing and offering products of the land and to this they respond happily. By contributions in kind his institutes have been conducted without mission aid or any other aid from the outside while gradually building up the church.

"Second, he uses organization. The different subjects of instruction are divided among the four pastors of the island. The different departments of the District Conference are likewise under the charge of these men. At these institutes the records of the secretaries and treasurers are brought for inspection with a view to making corrections, if necessary, and to keep the accounts straight that the confidence of the people may be secured. Quotas to the District Conference from the churches are also brought at these times. All the congregations of the entire island contribute the foodstuffs with which to feed those who attend these institutes.

"Third, Mr. Iyoy has kept his eyes open to the local resources that God has given. With mission aid cut off, he could see that there was the gift of land that could be used to the glory of God. He secured twelve hectares of land (24 acres plus) and used this both as demonstration ground and as a source of support to his projects. By placing trusted men on this farm and by a wise way of securing additional labor he has been able to obtain much help from this farm without taking his time away from the regular duties of the ministry. The whole personal appearance of Mr. Iyoy spoke of his happy success.

"The other pastor was Mr. Dayola. His church pays him the respectable salary of two hundred fifty pesos a month. Mr. Dayola is a graduate of the School of Theology of Silliman University. Briefly the steps to his success are these.

"When he first began he was given a discouraging allowance of twelve pesos a month. He was about to quit when sickness came upon him and he gave up the idea of taking another profession. He decided to dedicate himself to his pastoral work more faithfully. He worked hard. The members increased their offerings and his salary was raised to thirty pesos.

"Then he devoted himself to teaching the members the meaning of stewardship. He secured books on the subject and passed them on to the members to read. After a few years the church was able to pay him his present handsome salary. His methods can easily be learned and followed by any serious-minded pastor.

"These men and a few others whose success is beyond doubt give us the assurance that the ministry in the Philippines is not doomed to misery.

"The Lord is waiting for more young men and women who will take His promises seriously. The examples cited are of men in rural areas so that they cannot be called exceptions as might be said of those in schools or in the few big cities. God awaits the young people, who taking his promises seriously, will devote themselves to thorough preparations, and then with vigorous faith plunge in to do the task.

"The wonders of science as shown by the implements of war, and the adventures of those who man the machines in the air, on land, in the sea, are thrilling. But alas, so much of that is associated with war and death and sorrow. Two letters have come to me from American friends and in both there run the sad story of fine boys lost in the war. These discovered forces of nature can be used in ways beneficial to mankind, but our knowledge of machines is far ahead of our ability to control our passions; our challenge to your consecration is the challenge to make new men out of the old savage nature by the power of Jesus Christ. It is either this or just to await the final destruction of our civilization."

* * * *

This, then, is the stuff and the spirit of Evangelical Christianity in the Philippines. To further its aims, older missionaries have returned and new ones have been commissioned under The Board, including twenty young people who have been appointed to special three-year tasks in the reconstruction era.

Evidence of a longer view is found in the plan and preparation to establish and equip a Christian Radio Station and Film headquarters through which audio-visual medium the word of God may be broadcast over the land.

A partial list of the destruction suffered and the restoration required is appended. Viewed in terms of figures and cold cash, it is overwhelming. But in terms of the spirit, it is just another mile on the road our Lord and Master has appointed. Through the dark, impossible years, the church in the Philippines moved resolutely forward, guided by Him whose promise was sure: "Lo, I am with you always!"

There in the ruin man has wrought, lies the firm foundation of the City of God. Together, and with Him, we build again!

Buildings Destroyed in Philippines

(Partial List Only)

CHURCH BUILDINGS

Los Banos Church.....	\$ 12,000.00
Students' Center Building, Los Banos	10,000.00
Lueban, Tayabas Province.....	2,500.00
Sariaya, Tayabas Province.....	1,000.00
Tiaong, Tayabas Province.....	2,500.00
Pagsanjan, Laguna Province.....	5,000.00
Calamba, Laguna Province.....	2,000.00
Tondo, Manila	25,000.00

SILLIMAN UNIVERSITY

President's Home and Garage.....	7,500.00
Industrial Building	22,500.00
Press Building	12,500.00
Conservatory of Music.....	7,500.00
Repairs on Buildings due to War Damage:	
Oriental Hall	7,500.00
Science Building	3,000.00
Guy Hall, Girls' Dormitory.....	7,500.00
College Church	10,000.00

ALBAY BUILDINGS DESTROYED

Milwaukee Hospital	30,000.00
Nurses' Home	6,500.00
Tuberculosis Ward	1,000.00
Doctor's Residence	3,000.00
Albay Church	5,000.00

CEBU, BUILDINGS TOTALLY DESTROYED

Two Mission Residences, \$5,000 each.....	10,000.00
Sneed Dormitory	12,500.00
Emerson Dormitory	12,500.00
Student Center	30,000.00

LAGUNA, BUILDINGS DESTROYED

Student Center	10,000.00
Kindergarten Dormitory	2,000.00

MANILA

Union High School.....	60,000.00
Ellinwood School	10,000.00
Four Residences	24,000.00
Major Repairs in Manila:	
Union Seminary Building.....	5,000.00
One Mission Residence.....	2,000.00
Ellinwood Church	5,000.00

EQUIPMENT DESTROYED

Silliman University Equipment Entirely Destroyed or Taken Away....	250,000.00
Equipment for Four Mission Hospitals Completely Looted.....	100,000.00
Equipment Union Theological Seminary.....	10,000.00
Equipment Union High School, Manila.....	10,000.00

Lonely but safe in the mountains.



Missionary baby looks out the slatted windows of his family hide-out into the murky world beyond.



En route to safer quarters.



Mrs. Carson, wife of Dr. Carson, President of Silliman, distributes material relief in the form of clothing contributed by American friends.





This is the church that survived the bombs. Twenty-four land mines were removed from the grounds AFTER liberation.

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

1946—Price 10 cents